



12-750-301

Movie
Classic

6 **BLACK HORSES**

**TWO MEN WITH TWO FAST GUNS AND A
BEAUTIFUL GIRL—AND ALL THE SAVAGERY OF
A RUGGED LAND WAS PITTED AGAINST THEM.**



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AUDIE MURPHY · DAN DURYEA · JOAN O'BRIEN

IN
"6 BLACK HORSES"

IN EASTMAN COLOR

Written by
BURT KENNEDY

Directed by
HARRY KELLER

Produced by
GORDON KAY

ADAPTED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE



The American west has always been a land of vast and forbidding distances. Before civilization crisscrossed the prairie with railroads and highways, the distances between towns were difficult and dangerous. The horse was the main means of transportation. It was a man's most important possession, an extension of his self. A good horse often proved to be the difference between living and dying. Under these circumstances, the worst crime that could be committed, was horse stealing. Usually, the penalty was hanging. A harsh penalty, perhaps, but this was the justice of hard men leading demanding lives under the most trying conditions, as they carved a nation out of a wilderness.

"6 BLACK HORSES"

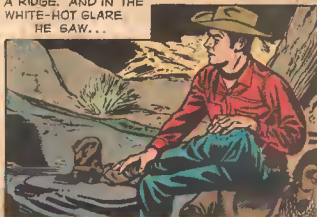
PROFESSIONAL WRANGLER BEN LANE WANDERED THE MEXICAN DESERT, SADDLE IN HAND. HE KNEW THAT A MAN AFOOT STOOD LITTLE CHANCE IN THE BLAZING WASTELAND.



LANE PEERED OFF INTO THE MIDDAY SUN. HE COULD SEE NO SIGN OF LIFE. HIS TONGUE WAS SWOLLEN AND HIS PARCHED LIPS CRACKED. HE LONGED FOR WATER AND A HORSE TO CARRY HIM OUT OF THE DESERT.



LANE DECIDED TO REST HIS BURNING FEET. A FAMILIAR SOUND CAME DRIFTING DOWN FROM A RIDGE. AND IN THE WHITE-HOT GLARE HE SAW...



SIX BLACK HORSES, 12-750-301. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Single copy price 12¢. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Authorized edition. Based on the motion picture "Six Black Horses." Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © MCMXLII by Universal Pictures Company, Inc. All rights reserved.

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...SEVEN LOOSE HORSES PICKING THEIR WAY OVER A NEARBY RIDGE AND DOWN INTO A NEARBY CANYON.



HOPE GLEAMED IN LANE'S EYES...THIS WAS HIS ONE CHANCE. A HORSE WOULD SAVE HIM FROM THE DESERT.



SNATCHING HIS ROPE FROM THE SADDLE, LANE HEADED TOWARD THE CANYON INTO WHICH THE HORSES HAD DISAPPEARED.



LANE MOVED RAPIDLY, BUT CAUTIOUSLY, HIS ROPE READY.



LANE GAINED THE RIDGE AND PEERED INTO THE VALLEY BELOW. THERE HE SAW...



QUIETLY, LANE CLAMBERED DOWN THE CANYON WALL. HE KNEW THAT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND STAMPEDE THE HERD...



LANE SET HIMSELF IN THE NARROW MOUTH OF THE CANYON, CUTTING OFF THE HORSES. STARTLED, THEY PAWED THE EARTH NERVOUSLY, WHINNIED AND THEN...



THE HERD MADE ITS DESPERATE CHARGE, DETERMINED TO ESCAPE. LANE STOOD HIS GROUND, HEART POUNDING, BUILDING A LOOP...



THE PANIC-STRIKEN HERD STAMPEDED PAST LANE, WHO LEAPED TO ONE SIDE, AND, IN A SINGLE MOTION, THREW HIS LOOP.



LANE MADE GOOD ON HIS FIRST THROW-- THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO SECOND CHANCE. HIS LOOP SETTLED AROUND A BIG BAY. THE POWERFUL BEAST LUNGED FORWARD, TERROR INCREASING ITS STRENGTH...



LANE FOUGHT THE BAY FRANTICALLY, TRYING TO REGAIN HIS FEET.



AT LAST LANE MANAGED TO STRUGGLE ERECT, BRINGING HIS OWN STRENGTH TO BEAR AGAINST THE HORSE.



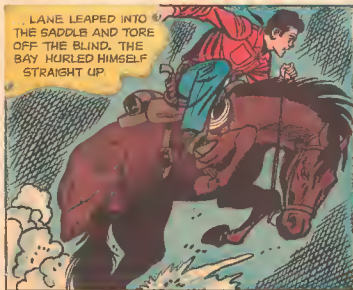
FINALLY, LANE BEAT THE BAY. THEY BOTH FOUGHT FOR BREATH.



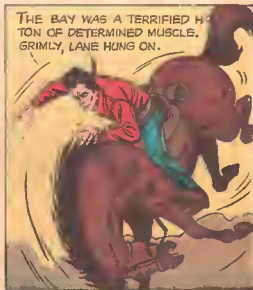
AFTER BLINDFOLDING THE HORSE, LANE FIXED HIS SADDLE INTO PLACE. THEN...



LANE LEAPED INTO THE SADDLE AND TORE OFF THE BLIND. THE BAY HURLED HIMSELF STRAIGHT UP.



THE BAY WAS A TERRIFIED H TON OF DETERMINED MUSCLE. GRIMLY, LANE HUNG ON.



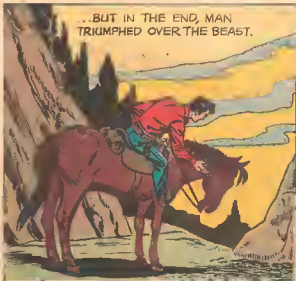
THE BAY FOUGHT HARD...



...HE KNEW EVERY TRICK...



...BUT IN THE END, MAN
TRIUMPHED OVER THE BEAST.



LANE
NOW FELT
CONFIDENT
HE COULD
GET OUT
OF THE
DESERT
ALIVE.
BUT WHEN
HE LOOKED
UP, HIS
CHANCES
SUDDENLY
SEEMED
MUCH
SLIMMER...



FACING HIM WERE SIX IMPASSIVE HORSEMEN, EACH
POINTING HIS SADDLEGUN SQUARE AT LANE'S MIDDLE...



A HORSE THIEF
COULD HOPE ONLY
FOR HANG-ROPE
JUSTICE...



TO THE
MUSTANGERS,
LANE'S
GUILT WAS
CLEAR. HE
HAD BEEN
FOUND ATOP
ONE OF
THEIR
HORSES. THE
PENALTY--
DEATH BY
HANGING.



GUESS YOU DON'T WANT
TO HEAR MY
SIDE OF IT?



SEE YOU TIE THAT
ROPE OFF FIRM.
CHARLIE!

LOOK, I'M NOT A HORSE TAKER. I
LOST MY ANIMAL A DAY AGO BACK.



THAT'S KINDA CARE
LESS AIN'T IT?



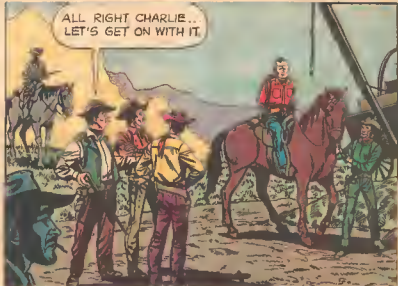
HE BROKE A LEG.
I SAW THESE HORSES
RUNNING FREE, I
DIDN'T KNOW
THEY WERE PART
OF YOUR STRING.

YOU GOT ANY
LAST WORDS?





I JUST SAID
THEM



ALL RIGHT CHARLIE...
LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

A SUDDEN
SHOT ROARED
IN THE
VALLEY
STILLNESS.
A BULLET
KICKED DUST.



LET'S NOT! I
BELIEVE HIM!

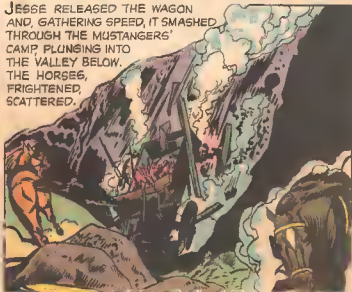


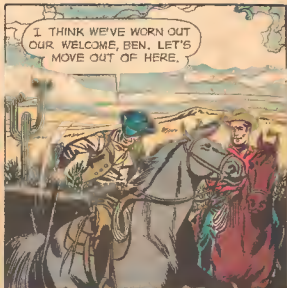
YOU STAY OUT OF
THIS, FRANK JESSE!
TRIED TO. STOOD RIGHT
OVER THERE AND TRIED
CAN'T. JUST PURE CAN'T
CUT HIM LOOSE



NOW YOU BOYS THROW
YOUR GUNS AND BELTS
IN THE WAGON

JESSE RELEASED THE WAGON
AND, GATHERING SPEED, IT SMASHED
THROUGH THE MUSTANGERS'
CAMP, PLUNGING INTO
THE VALLEY BELOW.
THE HORSES,
FRIGHTENED,
SCATTERED.

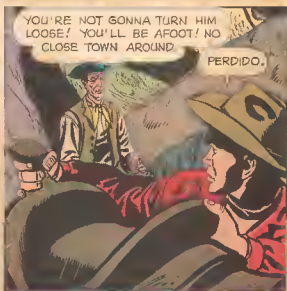


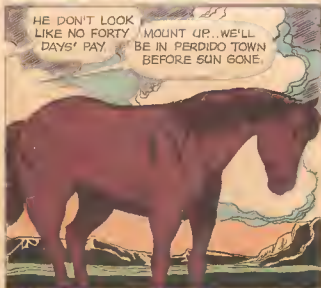
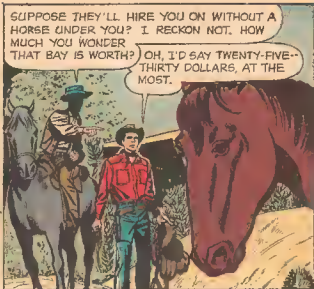


LANE AND JESSE RODE HARD, SEEKING TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THE MUSTANGERS.



AFTER MANY HOURS, LANE FINALLY CALLED A HALT. HE DISMOUNTED AND BEGAN REMOVING HIS SADDLE FROM THE HORSE.





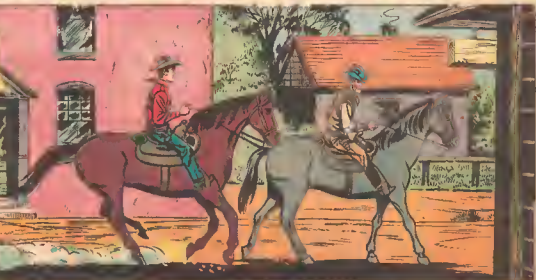
TOGETHER, THEY RODE TOWARD PERDIDO...



PERDIDO WAS TYPICAL OF TOWNS ALONG THE RIO GRANDE IN THE 1880'S. LANE AND JESSE RODE IN ALONG MAIN STREET, THE ONLY STREET. NO ONE SEEMED TO NOTICE THEM. BUT ONE PERSON DID...



THEIR ARRIVAL WAS AN EVENT OF MUCH INTEREST...



THE GIRL NODDED IN THE DIRECTION OF LANE AND JESSE...

THAT'S THE ONE.



THAT NIGHT, LANE LEARNED THAT THE COW-DRIVE TO SEDALIA, WHICH HE HAD HOPED TO JOIN HAD LEFT PERDIDO A WEEK EARLIER. HE AND JESSE WERE RELAXING IN THE CANTINA...

WHAT DO YOU WONDER YOU'LL DO NOW?

DRIFT WEST A WAY BOUND TO FIND AN OUTFIT.



DON'T SEEM RIGHT. MAN NEEDS A PURPOSE TO RIDE THIS COUNTRY. YOU GOT A PURPOSE? I SIZE YOU UP TO BE SOMETHIN' BETTER THAN A TRAIL-HAND. I THINK YOU WANT SOMETHIN' MORE... LIKE HAVIN' A PLACE OF YOUR OWN.

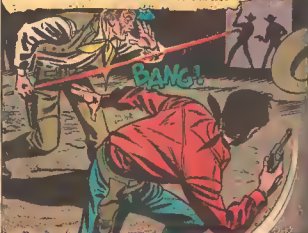


THERE'S WAYS TO GET IT, AND I DON'T MEAN PUSHING A WILD STRING. I GOT ME A POLICY... NEVER DO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU EVER GAVE ANY THOUGHT TO HIRIN' OUT YOUR GUN?

ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'LL STAY ON THE TAME SIDE.



LANE AND JESSE HEADED FOR THE HOTEL AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. SUDDENLY A SHOT SHATTERED THE CALM NIGHT AIR...



LANE AND JESSE HIT THE GROUND, GUNS BLAZING. THE BUSHWHACKERS WERE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS OF A BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET. THE MUZZLE FLASH OF THEIR SIX-GUNS GAVE THEM AWAY.

LANE AND JESSE SHOT RAPIDLY AND ACCURATELY. IN LESS THAN A MINUTE THE GUN FIGHT WAS OVER...





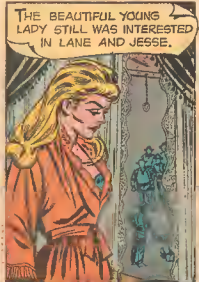
YOU KNOW
'EM JESSE?

NO.




THEY SURE
KNEW YOU

OR YOU.




THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
LADY STILL WAS INTERESTED
IN LANE AND JESSE.

BLACK, THE TOWN UNDERTAKER, ARRANGED THE BURIAL FOR THE
FOLLOWING MORNING...



I TRUST EVERYTHING
MEETS WITH
YOUR APPROVAL

FINE.



THAT'LL BE FIFTY DOLLARS.
YOU SAID TO SEE THEY WERE
COVERED IN PROPER GRAVES.

SORRY, I ONLY
GOT TEN.

I GOT SEVEN.
I'LL PAY
THE REST.



WELL... WELL
THANK YOU
MISS??

KELLY, GOOD DAY,
GENTLEMEN.

AND AS SUDDENLY AS SHE CAME, THE
WOMAN CALLED KELLY WAS GONE...

LATER THAT DAY, LANE AND JESSE WENT VISITING...

WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THOSE MEN YOU HELPED BURY. I TAKE IT THEY WERE FRIENDS OF YOURS.

YOU TAKE IT WRONG. COME IN.



I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR YOU. THAT IS, FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN HANDLE GUNS THE WAY YOU TWO DID IN THE STREET LAST NIGHT. I SAW IT ALL FROM MY WINDOW. YOU'VE HEARD OF THE TOWN OF SANTA RITA DEL COBRE?

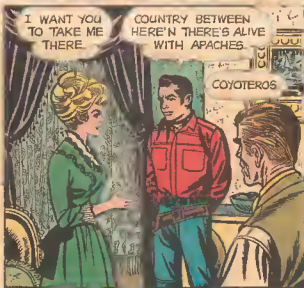
WE'VE HEARD.



I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME THERE.

COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE'N THERE'S ALIVE WITH APACHES.

COYOTEROS

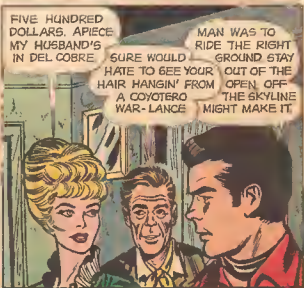


FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PIECE MY HUSBAND'S IN DEL COBRE.

SURE WOULD

MAN WAS TO RIDE THE RIGHT GROUND STAY

HATE TO SEE YOUR HAIR HANGIN' FROM OUT OF THE SKYLINE
A COYOTERO WAR-LANCE MIGHT MAKE IT.



I'LL MAKE IT A THOUSAND A PIECE.

WHATTA YOU THINK LANE?

I THINK YOU BETTER COME OVER HERE AND HAVE A LOOK.

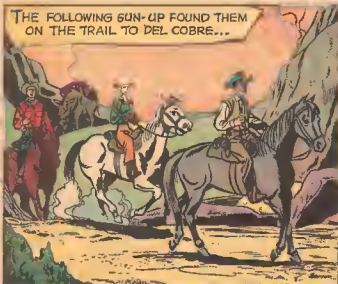


THOSE MUSTANGERS HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US. WHEN COULD YOU BE READY TO LEAVE, MA'AM?

I'D SAY THE SOONER THE BETTER.

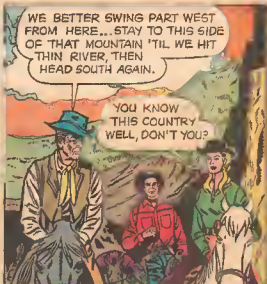


THE FOLLOWING SUN-UP FOUND THEM
ON THE TRAIL TO DEL COBRE...



WE BETTER SWING PART WEST
FROM HERE... STAY TO THIS SIDE
OF THAT MOUNTAIN 'TIL WE HIT
THIN RIVER, THEN
HEAD SOUTH AGAIN.

YOU KNOW
THIS COUNTRY
WELL, DON'T YOU?

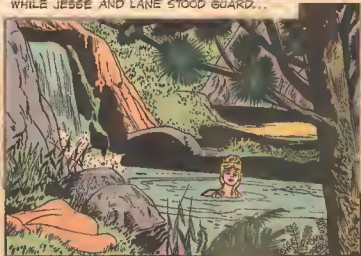


I RODE IT ONCE
BEFORE, IF
THAT'S WHAT
YOU MEAN.

THAT'S WHAT
I MEAN

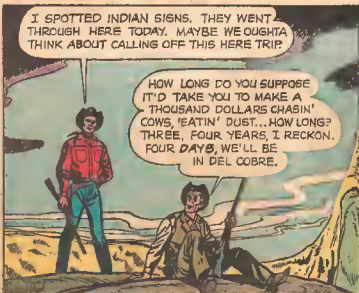


JUST BEFORE DARK, THEY MADE CAMP AT THIN RIVER.
KELLY BATHED IN A SECLUDED PART OF THE STREAM
WHILE JESSE AND LANE STOOD GUARD...



I SPOTTED INDIAN SIGNS. THEY WENT
THROUGH HERE TODAY. MAYBE WE OUGHTA
THINK ABOUT CALLING OFF THIS HERE TRIP.

HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE
IT'D TAKE YOU TO MAKE A
THOUSAND DOLLARS CHASIN'
COWS, 'EATIN' DUST... HOW LONG?
THREE, FOUR YEARS, I RECKON.
FOUR DAYS, WE'LL BE
IN DEL COBRE.



YOU'RE FORGETTIN'
SOMETHIN'... COYOTERO!



LANE WAS ON GUARD THAT NIGHT WHEN KELLY JOINED HIM, EXPLAINING THAT SHE COULDN'T SLEEP..

WHEN YOU GET THE THOUSAND DOLLARS, LANE, WHAT THEN?

BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THAT... THERE'S A PLACE IN MONTANA HIGH COUNTRY. PLACE MY FOLKS LOST WHEN I WAS A KID. GOT A RIVER BENDIN' THROUGH IT-- TREES, GRASS AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, I'M GONNA BUILD THERE, RAISE A HERD. MAYBE A FAMILY. SOMETHIN' I CAN BELONG TO.

THERE WAS A WOMAN. SHE JUST GOT TIRED WAITIN'. CAN'T IS THERE SAY I BLAME HER... ME A WOMAN, HAZIN' CATTLE, BREAKIN' HORSES AT A DOLLAR A HEAD. SHE COULDN'T SEE MUCH FUTURE IN IT.

YOU GET THAT THOUSAND IN YOUR POCKET... A WOMAN MIGHT SEE THINGS DIFFERENT.

WHY DOES THAT MATTER SO MUCH TO A WOMAN?

MAYBE BECAUSE IT MATTERS SO MUCH TO YOU

YEAH GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, LANE... YOU MIGHT THINK ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS. LONG WAY TO DEL COBRE. THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE FRANK JESSE WON'T MAKE IT.

JESSE, LANE AND KELLY WERE ON THE TRAIL AT DAYBREAK. THEY COVERED MANY MILES. SUDDENLY, JESSE REINED IN...



... A COYOTERO WAR-LANCE!

IT MEAN SOMETHING?

IT'S NOT EXACTLY WELCOME.



THEY SPURRED THEIR HORSES, HOPING TO LEAVE THAT REGION BEFORE COYOTERO SCOUTS SPOTTED THEM...



IT WAS TOO LATE!



LEADING THE WAY, JESSE WAS THE FIRST TO GAIN THE RIM OF A RIDGE. SILENTLY, THEY GAZED AT THE SMOLDERING REMAINS OF A MINER'S CABIN. THEY WALKED HORSES TOWARDS THE RUINS...



SOME HARD-ROCKER WAS TRYIN' HIS LUCK HERE

NOT ANY MORE



COYOTERO?

THIS MORNIN' SOME TIME WE BETTER NOT GET CAUGHT OUT HERE



THERE'S AN OLD MISSION OFF TO THE WEST A WAYS. AIN'T MUCH, BUT WE COULD STAND OUT THE NIGHT IF WE HAD TO.

LET'S TRY FOR IT.

NOT RIGHT AWAY, LANE! LOOK!

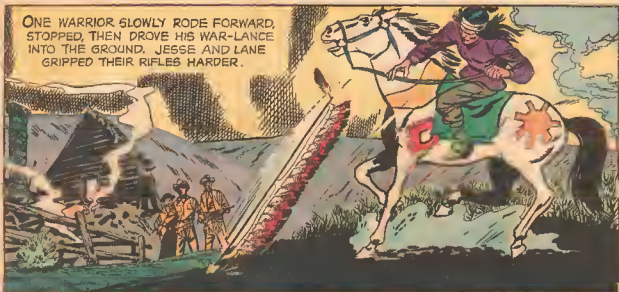


THEY HUNTIN' A FIGHT?

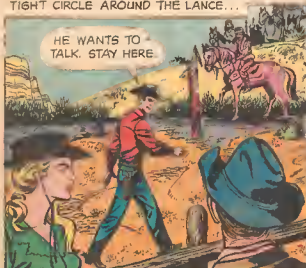
WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH



ONE WARRIOR SLOWLY RODE FORWARD, STOPPED, THEN DROVE HIS WAR-LANCE INTO THE GROUND. JESSE AND LANE GRIPPED THEIR RIFLES HARDER.



THE COYOTERO WALKED HIS WAR PONY IN A TIGHT CIRCLE AROUND THE LANCE...



HE WANTS TO TALK. STAY HERE

LANE JOINED THE COYOTERO FOR A PARLEY...



MIZ KELLY
YOU BE READY
TO RIDE THAT
HORSE O YOURS
AT A RUN

BEFORE MANY MINUTES HAD PASSED, LANE WAS BACK...



THEY GOT A HORSE...
GOOD ONE THEY CLAIM
WANTA MAKE A TRADE



FOR WHAT
DO THEY WANT
TO TRADE?

YOU!



SAID THEY BEEN SEEN
YOU WITH US SINCE PERDIDO
FELLOW I WAS PALAVERIN'
WITH WANTS YOU
FOR HIS WOMAN.

WHATTA
WE DO?



PLAY ALONG WITH 'EM. NO TELLIN' HOW
MANY BUCKS ARE SITTIN' IN THE HILLS BE-
HIND 'EM. JUST DO LIKE I TELL YOU, THE
COYOTERO... HE'LL OFFER HIS TRADE.
I'LL TURN HIM DOWN. COME ON.

THE TWO
TRADING
PARTIES MET,
AS CUSTOM
DICTATED,
AT THE
LANCE, THE
COYOTERO
BROUGHT
FORTH HIS
HORSE.
IT WAS A
FINE ANIMAL.
LANE
INSPECTED
THE ANIMAL--
SHOULDERS,
FLANKS,
TEETH...



NOW IT WAS THE COYOTERO'S TURN...



STAND ROCK STILL, MIZ KELLY
THE INDIAN WANTS TO INSPECT
OUR TRADIN' MERCHANDISE
IT'S HIS RIGHT.



THE COYOTERO, LIKE ALL GOOD
TRADERS, WAS VERY THOROUGH...



IN A FEW QUICK STRIDES, LANE CROSSED TO THE WAR-LANCE. HE SNATCHED IT OUT OF THE GROUND AND BROKE IT ACROSS HIS KNEE...

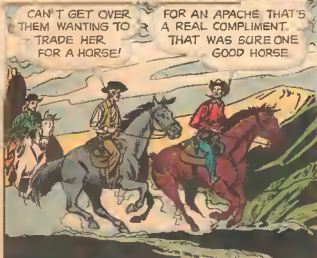


LANE HURLED THE BROKEN LANCE TO THE GROUND. THE OPPOSING PARTIES FACED EACH OTHER STIFFLY, THE TENSION MOUNTING. THEN...

...THE COYOTEROS TURNED SUDDENLY AND WITH BLOOD-CHILLING WAR YELLS MADE FOR THE HILLS AT A FULL RUN.



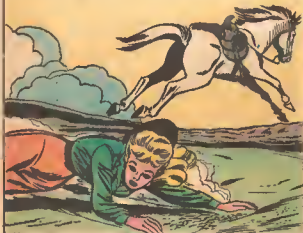
LANE, JESSE AND KELLY HEADED FOR THE SAFETY OF THE NEARBY MISSION...



THE COYOTEROS FILLED THE AIR WITH WAR CRIES AS THEY CHARGED ACROSS THE VALLEY FLOOR. THE RISE, BEYOND WHICH THE MISSION LAY, LOOMED AHEAD. THEN KELLY'S HORSE STUMBLED...



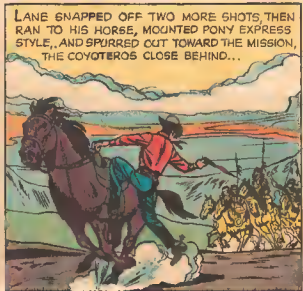
THE GIRL WAS THROWN HEAVILY TO THE GROUND. THE TERRIFIED HORSE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET AND RACED AWAY...



LANE WHEELED HIS HORSE AND SPURRED BACK TOWARD THE GIRL. JESSE WAS ONLY A YARD BEHIND...



LANE SNAPPED OFF TWO MORE SHOTS, THEN RAN TO HIS HORSE, MOUNTED PONY EXPRESS STYLE, AND SPURRED OUT TOWARD THE MISSION, THE COYOTEROS CLOSE BEHIND...



THE MISSION HAD BEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED. JESSE AND KELLY TOOK SHELTER BEHIND A CRUMBLING WALL, WATCHING LANE MAKE A RUN FOR HIS LIFE...



LANE MADE THE MISSION SAFETY. DRAWING HIS PISTOL, HE BEGAN FIRING AT THE COYOTEROS...



THE BATTLE RAGED FIERCELY, BUT KELLY PAID NO ATTENTION. SHE WAS ALMOST HYPNOTIZED BY LANE'S WINCHESTER, WHICH HAD FALLEN FROM HIS SADDLE SCABBARD WHEN HE LEAPED THE MISSION WALL...



KELLY PICKED UP THE SADDLE-GUN, PULLED THE HAMMER TO FULL COCK AND BROUGHT IT TO BEAR ON FRANK JESSE...



KELLY,
DON'T!



THEY DIDN'T SEE THE COYOTERO WARRIOR CHARGING WITH WARLANCE POISED...

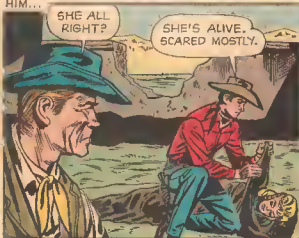
KELLY SCREAMED IN PAIN AND FRIGHT AS THE COYOTERO WARLANCE STABBED DEEP INTO HER SHOULDER...



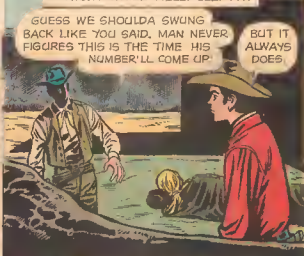
LANE AND JESSE KILLED THE APACHE WHO HAD THROWN THE LANCE, THE REMAINING INDIANS WITHDREW...



AFTER WITHDRAWING THE LANCE FROM KELLY'S SHOULDER, LANE TREATED THE WOUND. JESSE HAD NO IDEA THAT KELLY HAD INTENDED TO SHOOT HIM...



JESSE AND LANE STOOD WATCH THAT NIGHT WHILE KELLY SLEPT...



YEAH, AND IN WAYS YOU LEAST EXPECT. LIKE THOSE TWO FELLOWS WE SHOT BACK IN PERDIDO. WONDER WHY THEY THREW DOWN ON US? **I DIDN'T** KNOW 'EM. **YOU DIDN'T.**

MAYBE THEY WERE HIRED. MAYBE YOU CROSSED SOMEBODY YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW.



SURE HATE TO SEE 'EM GO THE WAY THEY DID... BEING DRAGGED UP THE LAST HILL IN A FLAT BED WAGON. WHEN I GET MINE, I WANT SIX BLACK HORSES PULLING A FANCY RIG, PLUMES, A DIAMOND-WILLOW CASKET-- THE WORKS. MAN SHOULD GO OUT IN STYLE WHEN HE GOES. SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.



LATER
THAT
NIGHT,
WHILE
JESSE
BEDDED
DOWN,
LANE AND
KELLY
TALKED...

PERSON NEEDS A REASON
TO DO A MAN FROM BEHIND...
ESPECIALLY A MAN WHO'S
JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE.

I'VE GOT A REASON.
HE KILLED MY HUSBAND IN
A GUNFIGHT IN DEL COBRE.



BUT
YOU
SAID...

...THAT I WAS GOING TO HIM. HE'S
BURIED THERE. DO YOU KNOW WHAT
IT MEANS TO A WOMAN TO MAKE HER
WAY IN CHEAP SALOONS ON THE RIO
LINE? WASTING TIME WITH THOSE MEN
...LYING, CHEATING? I LOVED MY
HUSBAND... HE WAS THE ONLY
DECENT THING THAT HAPPENED
TO ME. HE WAS THE
ONLY CHANCE I HAD.



THAT PLACE
IN MONTANA HIGH
COUNTRY. IT'S
YOURS, IF--

NO, MA'AM.



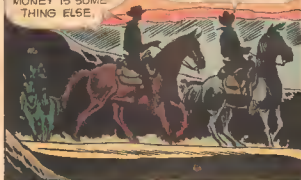
IF YOU DON'T
DO IT I WILL

NO, MA'AM, YOU WON'T!

THEY HIT THE TRAIL AT SUNUP...

THIS IS NO GOOD,
JESSE. TAKING A
WOMAN TO HER
HUSBAND IS ONE
THING. TAKING HER
JUST TO GET HER
MONEY IS SOME
THING ELSE.

YOU FORGET SHE
WAS GONNA DO ME
IN? SHE MADE A BAR
GAIN. AIN'T OUR FAULT
IT WAS A BAD ONE.



BESIDES, LANE-- **LOOK!** WE
STAY TOGETHER, OR WE JUST
PLAIN DON'T MAKE IT **ANY**
PLACE. I GOT YOU OUT FROM
UNDER THAT WAGON TONGUE,
LANE... GAVE UP WAGES.
YOU OWE ME...

YOU'RE RIGHT,
JESSE. SHE
MADE A BAD
BARGAIN.



THEY MADE CAMP IN A STAND OF TIMBER. LANE TOOK THE FIRST WATCH. JESSE TENDED TO KELLY'S WOUND...

ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND... I'M SORRY. TWO FELLAS HE CROSSED IN A CARD GAME... THEY HIRED ME, POINTED HIM OUT. JUST LIKE THOSE TWO YOU HIRED IN PERDIDO.

YOU KILLED HIM. ONLY YOU.



YOU SAID YOU WORKED THE RIO SALOONS... YOU REMEMBER ALL THE MEN YOU MET? WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE? SAME AS THOSE I USE MY GUN AGAINST. I DON'T REMEMBER ONE BY HIS FACE. THAT'S HOW YOU AND ME ARE ABLE TO MAKE OUR WAY, KELLY. YOU'RE NO BETTER'N ME AT ALL. NO BETTER.



LATER JESSE TOOK HIS TURN ON THE OUTPOST. LANE FOUND KELLY STILL AWAKE...

YOU SHOULD STAY DOWN KELLY. DON'T WANT YOU GETTING KILLED.

AFRAID IF I'M NOT ALIVE YOU **WON'T** GET YOUR MONEY?



NOT EVERY MAN WANTS YOU FOR WHAT HE CAN GET. AND I DON'T HOLD WITH WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND BEING THE **ONLY** CHANCE YOU HAD. DON'T HOLD WITH THAT AT ALL. A MAN WOULD BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU.



WOULD HE?

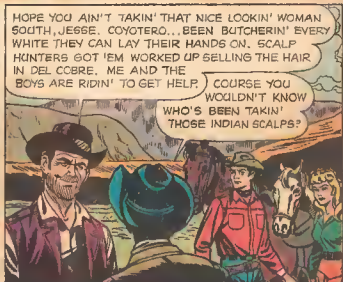


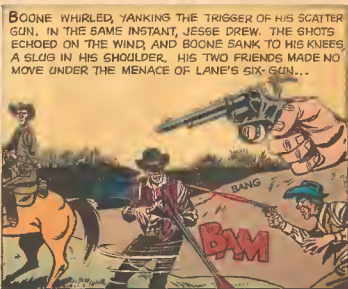
MY HUSBAND FELT SORRY FOR ME TOO

KELLY--

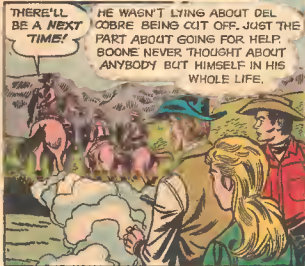


JUST AS THEY WERE BREAKING CAMP THE NEXT MORNING, JESSE SPIED A TRIO OF MOUNTED MEN...

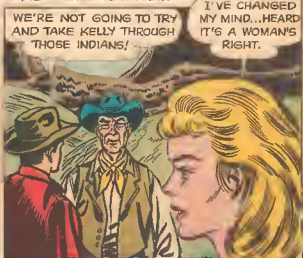




JESSE ORDERED BOONE TO LEAVE...



AFTER BOONE DISAPPEARED OVER THE RIDGE, LANE TURNED TO JESSE...



WHEN LANE CAME TO, JESSE AND KELLY WERE GONE. IT TOOK A COUPLE OF MINUTES FOR HIS HEAD TO CLEAR. THEN...



LANE FOLLOWED THE TRACKS JESSE HAD MADE. IT WAS AN EASY TRAIL TO READ...



LANE RODE HARD. OF ONE THING HE WAS CERTAIN... BEFORE TOO LONG, HE WOULD FIND TROUBLE—OR IT WOULD FIND HIM...



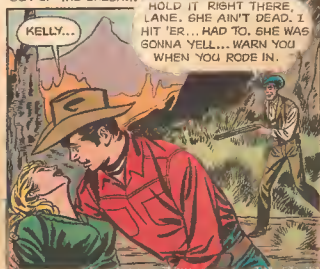
HE KNEW THAT COYOTERO WAR PARTIES WERE EVERYWHERE. CERTAINLY, BEFORE TOO LONG, THEY WOULD ATTACK HIM. THE DEAD MULE MEANT THAT JESSE AND KELLY WERE NEARBY. HE WANTED JESSE BEFORE THE INDIANS STRUCK.



COMING AROUND A SHARP ROCK WALL, A NAMELESS TERROR TOUCHED LANE. BEFORE HIM, KELLY LAY STILL ON THE GROUND. HE SPURRED HIS HORSE FORWARD...



WHILE LANE TRIED TO REVIVE KELLY, JESSE SLID OUT OF THE BRUSH...

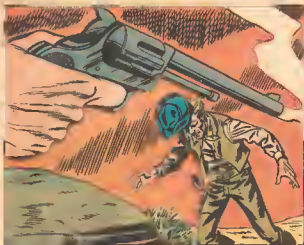


KELLY...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LANE. SHE AIN'T DEAD. I HIT 'ER... HAD TO. SHE WAS GONNA YELL... WARN YOU WHEN YOU RODE IN.



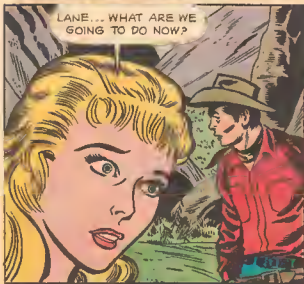
LANE'S GUNHAND MOVED QUICKER THAN SIGHT. HIS SIX-GUN BUCKED AND ROARED. JESSE NEVER CLEARED HIS PISTOL OF ITS HOLSTER...



WHEN KELLY CAME TO, IT WAS TO SEE A STUNNED LANE STANDING OVER THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND. BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR MOURNING...



LANE... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?



THE COYOTEROS HAD RETURNED IN FORCE...



THREE WARRIORS WALKED THEIR WAR PONIES FORWARD. LANE FELT KELLY'S NAILS DIG INTO HIS ARM. HIS GUNHAND TIGHTENED ON THE PISTOL. HE VOWED TO DIE FIGHTING.



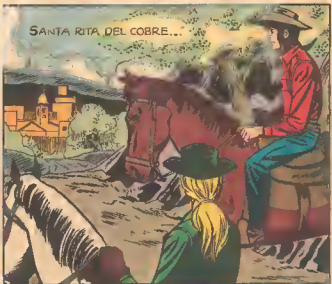
THE WARRIORS DREW UP BEFORE LANE AND KELLY. EACH OF THEM CARRIED THE LIFELESS BODY OF A WHITE MAN ACROSS THE NECK OF HIS MOUNT. NOW...



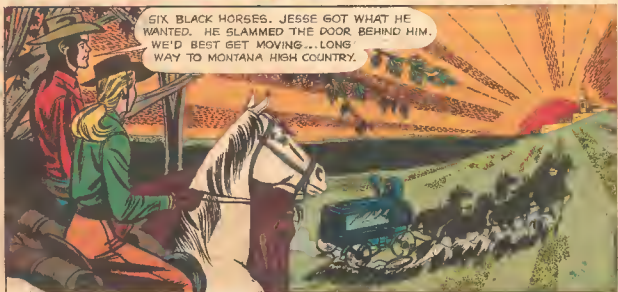
...THE BRAVES DUMPED THEIR BURDENS. LANE RECOGNIZED THE SCALPHUNTER, BOONE, AND HIS TWO YOUNG GUNMEN. THE INDIANS MOVED OFF, THEIR REVENGE COMPLETE...



IT'S OVER, KELLY... ALL OVER. WE'D BETTER MOVE ON TO DEL COBRE.



SANTA RITA DEL COBRE...



SIX BLACK HORSES. JESSE GOT WHAT HE WANTED. HE SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. WE'D BEST GET MOVING...LONG WAY TO MONTANA HIGH COUNTRY.

..... THE MUSTANG



It is generally held that the horse is descended with the rhinoceros and the tapir from a common ancestor with five toes on each foot and with the middle toe in line with the axis of the leg. The horse's hoof corresponds to the nail of man's big finger or third toe. Horses essentially like modern horses in size and structure developed in North America, but became extinct here about the time that the Indians first reached this continent. Such horses were then also in the Old World, to which they are believed to have crossed by some land bridge that once connected the two hemispheres. The first uses of the domesticated horse were hunting and in war. The horse greatly increased the distance over which military operations could be conducted. The wild horse of the Great Plains, known as the Mustang, is descended from horses that escaped from Spanish explorers and conquerors. The breed of horses with the longest record is the Arabian. Its blood is dominant in the modern racer. Importation of Arabians to America began prior to the Revolutionary War. The horse used by Washington was half Arabian.

THE APACHE TRIBES



The Apache belonged to the Indian peoples of southwest North America. There were many groups—East of the Rio Grande along the mountains were the Jicarilla, the Lipan, and the Mescalero; in West New Mexico and Arizona were the Chiricahua and the Coyotero; the Kiowa Apache in the early southward migration attached themselves to the Kiowa, whose history they have since shared. The Apache were fundamentally hunters; their women were expert at basketry. The Apache are known principally for their fierce fighting qualities and for their cruel treatment of captured enemies. They offered particularly strong resistance to the encroachment of their lands by the white settlers. In the last part of the 19th Century, their leaders, particularly Cochise and Geronimo, were famous particularly for their fighting qualities.

